



**"I ALWAYS  
Pay My Debts!"**

Of all the Liberty Loans,  
this is the most important.  
We went in to win and to win  
quickly. We won. Now we have got to pay our bills.  
It means we must see the thing through—Uncle Sam's  
debt is your debt and my debt. Let's put over the Victory Liberty  
Loan with a bang and square things up—buy for cash and buy on  
installments—and do it today?

Victory Liberty Loan Committee

This space contributed by

## Mint Cola Bottling Works



### The Day the German Fleet Surrendered—

THE DAY those great gray ships  
of war came sneaking out  
from the Kiel Canal marked  
the end of Germany's naval power.

Thanks to the Allied Navy, thanks  
to our Boys of the Sea, thanks to the  
Ships and to the Liberty Bonds that  
put them there, the seas are safe!

Do your full share in the Victory  
Liberty Loan—in payment for the  
Victory that might have cost every-  
thing if we had not gone at it whole-  
heartedly and in the nick of time.

Victory Liberty Loan Committee

This space contributed by

Out of the grey mist  
they came—the  
German Navy—to the  
greatest humiliation  
the world has ever known—

### GREEN (Continued) FANCY

son arrived at Green fancy last night.  
"Did you get a square look at the  
driver's face?" demanded De Soto.  
"It was almost too dark to see, but  
he was old, hatchet-faced, and spoke  
with an accent."  
"Then it couldn't have been Peter,"  
said De Soto positively. "He's old,  
right enough, but he is as big as the  
side of a horse, with a face like a full  
moon, and he is Yankee to his toes.  
By gad, Barnes, the plot thickens! A  
woman has been added to the mystery.  
Now, who the devil is she and what  
has become of her?"

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Charity Begins Far From Home, and a Stroll in the Wildwood Fellows.

Mr. Rushcroft was furious when he  
arose at eleven o'clock on the morning  
after the double murder, having slept  
like a top through all of the commo-  
tion. He boomed all over the place,  
vocal castigations falling right and  
left on the guilty and the innocent  
without distinction.

"I don't see how you managed to  
sleep through it," Barnes broke in.  
"You must have an unusually clear  
conscience, Mr. Rushcroft."

"I haven't any conscience at all, sir,"  
roared the star. "I had an unusually  
full stomach, that's what was the mat-  
ter with me. I take oath now, sir,  
never to eat again as long as I live.  
A man who cannot govern his beastly  
appetite ought to defy it, if nothing  
else."

"I gather from that remark that you  
omitted breakfast this morning."

"Breakfast, sir? In God's name, I  
implore you not to refer to anything  
so disgusting as stewed prunes and  
biscuits at a time like this. My mind  
is—"

"How about luncheon? Will you  
join me at twelve-thirty?"

"That's quite another matter," said  
Mr. Rushcroft readily. "Luncheon is  
an esthetic tribute to the physical in-  
telligence of man. If you know what I  
mean, I shall be delighted to join you.  
Twelve-thirty, did you say?"

"It would give me great pleasure if  
your daughter would also grace the  
festal board. I think it is too bad that  
she has to go about in the gown she  
wears, Mr. Rushcroft," said Barnes.  
"She's much too splendid for that. I  
have a proposition I'd like to make to  
you later on. I cannot make it, how-  
ever, without consulting Miss Thacker-  
ay's feelings."

"My dear fellow!" beamed Rush-  
croft, seizing the other's hand. "One  
frequently reads in books about it  
coming like this, at first sight, but,  
damme, I never dreamed that it ever  
really happened. Count on me! She  
ought to leave the stage, the dear  
child. No more fitted to it than an  
Easter lily. Her place is in the home,  
the—"

"Good Lord, I am not thinking of—"  
And Barnes, agast, stopped before  
blurted out the words that leaped to  
his lips. "I mean to say this is a propo-  
sition that may also affect your ex-  
cellent companions, Bacon and Dilling-  
ford, as well as yourself."

At twelve-thirty sharp Barnes came  
down from his room freshly shaved  
and brushed, to find not only Mr. Rush-  
croft and Miss Thackeray awaiting  
him in the office, but the Messrs. Dil-  
lingford and Bacon as well.

"I took the liberty, old fellow," said  
Rushcroft, addressing Barnes, "of ask-  
ing my excellent co-workers to join us  
in our repast."

"Delighted to have you with us, gen-  
tlemen," said Barnes affably.

The sole topic of conversation for  
the first half hour was the mysterious  
slaying of their fellow lodgers. Mr.  
Rushcroft complained bitterly of the  
outrageous, high-handed action of the  
coroner and sheriff in imposing upon  
him and his company the same re-  
strictions that had been applied to  
Barnes. They were not to leave the  
county until the authorities gave the  
word. One would have thought, to  
hear the star's indignant lamentations,  
that he and his party were in a posi-  
tion to depart when they pleased. It  
would have been difficult to imagine  
that he was not actually rolling in  
money instead of being absolutely  
peniless.

Barnes had been immersed in his  
own thoughts for some time. A slight  
frown, as of reflection, darkened his  
eyes. Suddenly—perhaps impolitely—  
he interrupted Mr. Rushcroft's flow of  
eloquence.

"Have you any objection, Mr. Rush-  
croft, to a more or less personal ques-  
tion concerning your own private—er—  
misfortunes?" he asked, leaning for-  
ward.

For a moment one could have heard  
a pin drop. Mr. Rushcroft evidently  
held his breath. There could be no  
mistake about that.

"It's rather delicate, but would you  
mind telling me just how much you  
were stuck up for by the—er—was it  
a writ of attachment?"

"It was," said the star. "A writ  
of inquisition, you might as well sub-  
stitute. The act of a polluted, impe-  
cunious, parsimonious—what shall I  
say? Well, I will be as simple as pos-  
sible—hotel keeper. Ninety-seven dol-  
lars and forty cents. For that pitiful  
amount he subjected me to—"

"Well, that isn't so bad," said  
Barnes, vastly relieved. He was cov-  
ertly watching Miss Thackeray's half-  
averted face as he ventured upon the  
proposition he had decided to put be-  
fore them. "I am prepared and will-  
ing to advance this amount, Mr. Rush-  
croft, and to take your personal note  
as security."

Rushcroft leaned back in his chair  
and stuck his thumbs in the armholes  
of his vest. He displayed no undue  
elation. Instead he affected profound  
calculations. His daughter shot a

swift, searching look at the would-be  
Samaritan. There was a heightened  
color in her cheeks.

"Moreover, I shall be happy to in-  
crease the amount of the loan suffi-  
ciently to cover your return at once  
to New York, if you so desire—by  
train." Barnes smiled as he added the  
last two words.

"Extremely kind of you, my dear  
Barnes," said the actor, running his  
fingers through his hair. "Your faith  
in me is most gratifying. I—I really  
don't know what to say to you, sir."  
"May I inquire just how you ex-  
pect to profit by this transaction, Mr.  
Barnes?" Miss Thackeray asked  
steadily.

He started, catching her meaning.  
"My dear Miss Thackeray," he ex-  
claimed, "this transaction is solely be-  
tween your father and me. I shall  
have no other claim to press."

"I wish I could believe that," she  
said.

"You may believe it," he assured  
her.

"It isn't the usual course," she said  
quietly, and her face brightened. "You  
are not like most men, Mr. Barnes."

"My dear child," said Rushcroft,  
"you must leave this matter to our  
friend and me. I fancy I know an  
honest man when I see him. My dear  
fellow, fortune is but temporarily  
frowning upon me. In a few weeks  
I shall be on my feet again, zipping  
along on the crest of the wave. I dare  
say I can return the money to you in  
a month or six weeks. If—"

"Oh, father!" cried Miss Thackeray.  
"We'll make it six months, and I'll  
pay any rate of interest you desire.  
Six per cent, eight per cent, ten per—"

"Six per cent, sir, and we will make  
it a year from date."

"Agreed. Get up and dance for us,  
Dilly!"

We shall be in New York to-  
morrow!"

"You forget the dictatorial sheriff,  
Mr. Rushcroft," said Barnes.

"The varlet!" barked Mr. Rushcroft.  
It was arranged that Dillingford and  
Bacon were to go to Hornville in a  
hired motor that afternoon, secure the  
judgment, pay the costs, and attend  
to the removal of the personal belong-  
ings of the stranded quartette from  
the hotel to Hart's Tavern. The  
younger actors stoutly refused to ac-  
cept Barnes' offer to pay their board  
while at the Tavern. That, they de-  
clared, would be charity, and they pre-  
ferred his friendship and his respect  
to anything of that sort. Miss Thack-  
eray, however, was to be immediately  
relieved of her position as chamber-  
maid. She was to become a paying  
guest.

Rushcroft took the whole affair with  
the most noteworthy complacency. He  
seemed to regard it as his due, or  
me knew. My mind is it was, by  
"As he hung on the edge of his  
seat, he said to himself, "That is a  
fable, convincing stuff, but I don't  
believe a word of it. That woman is  
no lady's maid, you've known all the  
time she was there."

At four o'clock he set out on a  
tramp up the mountain road, which  
the two men had been down. His  
mind was full of the room and the  
men. They were no doubt thieves,  
were thieves bent on the Green  
Fancy were it not for the  
closures of Miss Thackeray's  
very convincing proof that they  
not shot by the same man.

It was not beyond reason, then,  
it was quite probable that they  
trying to cross the border and  
event their real operations were  
confined to the Canadian side of the  
line. He could not free himself of  
suspicion that Green Fancy was  
the key to the situation. The  
company could not have had the  
slightest interest in the matter  
to the instant he encountered  
young woman at the Green  
Fancy. His brain suddenly suffered  
of a distinct conclusion. Was  
fellow conspirator? Was she the  
side worker at Green Fancy?  
Did plan to rifle the place?

Could it be possible that she  
the confederate of these rascals,  
agents who lurked with subsonic  
thence outside the very safe  
place called Green Fancy?

His mind carried him back to  
the spot where Barnes' body was  
and where young Thackeray had  
upon the tethered horses. His  
curious gaze swept the forest  
out of the road in search of  
Fancy. Overcome by a sudden  
impulse, he climbed over the  
and rider fence and entered  
the big trees which so far had  
soured the house from view. The  
grew very thickly on the slope  
they were unusually large. He  
crossed deeper into the wood. At  
end of what must have been a  
half mile. There was no sign of  
Fancy. No indication that he  
ever penetrated so far into the  
As he was on the point of  
his steps toward the road he  
fell upon a huge mass covered  
less than a hundred yards. It  
stared, and gradually it became  
on angles and planes and recesses  
the most astounding symmetry. In  
der his widening gaze it was  
formed into a stupendous abut-  
ment and gables and—er—about  
He was looking upon the struc-  
ture of the even stranger Mr. O'  
Dowd—Green Fancy.

Now he understood why it was  
called Green Fancy. Its surround-  
ings were no greener than his  
to melt into the foliage, to be one  
part of the natural landscape. Most  
tain ivy literally enveloped the  
posed sections of the house were  
at green; the doors were green;  
leafy porches and their neighbors  
chimney pots, the window panes  
all were the color of the mountain  
forest. And it was a place of im-  
dimensions, low and long and  
flat.

"Gad," he said to himself, "the  
owner of crank is he who was  
very himself. He didn't of all the  
crank ideas I ever—"

His reflections ended there. A  
man crossed his vision; a woman  
stepped slowly toward him through the  
trillite avenues of the wildwood.

CHAPTER VII.  
Spun-Gold Hair, Blue Eyes and Val-  
cus Encounters.  
She was quite unaware of his pres-  
ence, and yet he was directly in his  
path, though some distance away. He  
had been bent; her eyes were  
and so I made the very best  
take of saying she hadn't come  
at all. The young woman in  
is Mrs. Van Dyke's maid. I  
how I was I know she  
even in existence, much less  
by train or motor or stage.  
Well, she's here, so there's  
our mystery."

Barnes was slow in making  
was doubting his own eyes. It  
conceivable that an ordinary  
an extraordinary—indeed, he  
have possessed the requisite  
manner of his change of  
the day before, or the week  
order that satisfied the  
as it— The chauffeur!

"But I thought you said that  
Curtis' chauffeur was no  
and—"

"He is, indeed," said  
O'Dowd, chuckling. "He's  
ceived me entirely, and he  
wasn't Peter at all, but the  
washer who went after her. He  
instructed to tell Peter to  
four o'clock train, and the  
forgot to give the order. But  
does he do but say, 'I know  
himself, scared out of his  
fear of what he was in for. I  
I had the whole story told  
Dyke."

"Well, I'm tremendously  
said Barnes slowly.  
"And so am I," said O'Dowd.  
conviction. "I have seen  
of our buried remains. I'm  
looking girl. I'm not shap-  
she kept her veil down. I  
to leave it to any thought  
that it's a sin to carry them  
for as all that. You want  
with you?" This man was  
a wife.

"Perfectly. Thank you  
me know. My mind is it was, by  
"As he hung on the edge of his  
said to himself, "That is a  
fable, convincing stuff, but I don't  
believe a word of it. That woman is  
no lady's maid, you've known all the  
time she was there."

## Alexander Assurance Agency